



THE  
PORTFOLIO  
1905-1926

CARMINA SODALIIUM



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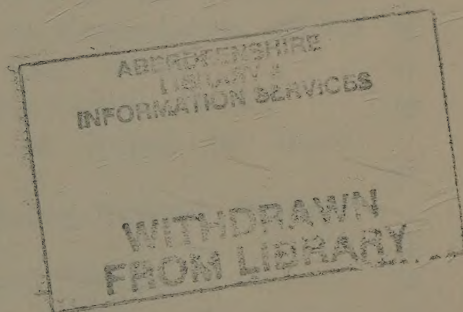




# THE PORTFOLIO CARMINA SODALIUM

1905-1926

*"Olim meminisse iuvabit."*



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## FOREWORD

WHENCE these Carmina, and why this clothing in permanent garb? In answer to this double question, as it floated to consciousness in the mind of the writer, came the vision of a singularly noble and majestic figure in human form. The body, though half shrouded in semi-transparent mist, indicated strength, courage, endurance, in its every line; but it was the face that held the gaze of the onlooker enthralled as by a spell. The high intellectual brow, the clear, sympathetic, loving eye, and the perfectly shaped, good-humoured mouth were all lit up with a rich, mellow light, which seemed to proceed from within. "Do not be alarmed," said the Vision, in a quiet, encouraging and fear-dispelling tone. "To you, I am known as The Portfolio. Among you I have had a tangible existence for these twenty-one years. Elsewhere, in all climes, and under other names, I have many adherents. My spirit—the spirit of real comradeship—is as old as the world. These Carmina are my voices—echoes of many a festive night—in which incidents, slight perhaps in themselves, are radiant with the

## CARMINA

gleams of fellow-feeling. I accept them as a fitting tribute to the occasion. Let them go forth."

The voice suddenly ceased, and the Vision vanished ; but the listener, on recovering from the spell and glamour, knew that his task had been taken out of his hands. With quiet contentment, and with fresh insight, he glanced over several of the earlier "echoes." Interest in topics long since past was keenly revived ; visions of the surroundings and setting in each instance came back to renew and enhance enjoyment. Everywhere, even in the delicate raillery and fun poked at a colleague, or in the keen rapier touches of wit so often displayed, there shone, always, a kindly feeling underneath, the spirit of the true comrade. In their frankness and boldness, too, in their free expression of thought, in their by-play of give-and-take, there appeared that other essential quality of comradeship which lies in the recognition of the equality of all. "Surely," considered the reader, "these verses are the very incarnation of the comrade-spirit. Gladly, therefore, let me obey the Vision, and call upon all fellow-members to see in this publication a worthy commemoration of the 'coming-of-age' of our well-beloved Portfolio."

J. C.

## CARMINA

To  
" THAT DAMNED DIARY "

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1905*

### I

ACCURSED scroll, whom cruel fate  
Ordains to keep the Inspectorate  
Hebdomadally accurate  
In every way :  
To thee the bard would dedicate  
His doleful lay.

### II

Like Janus, thou hast faces two,  
One gives the tasks we've had to do,  
Which may be altogether true,  
Or partly fibs :  
The other tells in order due  
Our tale of dibs.

### III

Our times of toil, our days of ease,  
Our Exits and our Entrances,  
Periods of Papers or Disease  
We enter plain :  
Or back there comes, blue-pencilled, " Please  
Will you explain ? "

## CARMINA

### IV

For travelling thou permittest us  
The ordinary omnibus,  
Tram, train, or steamboat, faring thus  
Each to his likes :  
The sorely impecunious  
Cranking their bikes.

### V

For jaunting in superior guise  
We may resort to Double Flies :  
For these it takes some enterprise  
To put the charge in :  
My Lords demanding sundry whys  
Along thy margin.

### VI

Often I marvel what we'd do  
Were we entirely rid of you :  
A trifle longer we might woo  
Our morning pillows :  
There might, perchance, be just a few  
Such peccadillos.

### VII

What then ? We never do confess  
To thee our little weaknesses :  
Thou chronicle of more or less  
Contorted truth :  
Snarer of aged righteousness,  
Tempter of youth.



## CARMINA

### VIII

Ye phantom Lords; by fancy bred,  
To represent the fountainhead  
Of wisdom's depths unfathomed,  
And counsel sage :  
Spare us this most unmerited  
Espionage.

G. A.

## CARMINA

### THE CONFERENCE—A DREAM

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1906*

"SIR, 'tis decreed to have a Conference  
Divisional, the thirty-first November.  
If you absent yourself the consequence  
Will be unpleasant, so you'd best remember."

'Twas a communication which some time  
Ago My Lords sent out from the Department ;  
'Tis not their habit thus to write in rhyme,  
I could not think what such a rummy start meant.

Was it that They had suddenly gone mad,  
Or pleasantry invented by some new man ?  
One thing was certain—that Their Lordships had  
Defied all precedent by being human.

The Conference itself was just as queer,  
'Twas held, if you'll believe me, in a "pub" ;  
The Treasury provided us with beer  
And anything we liked by way of "grub."

And nobody had anything to say  
About Arithmetic or Composition,  
For we did nothing all the blessed day  
But bet upon a drinking competition

## CARMINA

Between the Secretary and the Chief.  
The scores were telegraphed from here to London  
And back again. It almost passed belief  
The beer they drank ; they'd very soon a tun done.

But after seven hours the Chief could not  
Drink any more ; forthwith the victor spoke up ;  
“ I feel so overjoyed that on the spot  
I'll double all your screws.” And then I woke up.

W. G. F.

## CARMINA

### A RETROSPECT

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1907*

ATTEND, each inspectorial wight,  
Assembled in this hall to-night  
For gastronomic derring-do,  
I have a tale to tell to you.  
Twelve lustres of official life,  
With strain of mind and body rife,  
Have carried some by slow gradation  
Near to their superannuation.  
It is a well-attested truth  
'Tis good to bear the yoke in youth ;  
We men of eld can well declare  
The official yoke was hard to bear ;  
More recent days have gladly rid you all  
Of tests and trammels individual.  
The Standards of the days of yore  
Are rotting now on Lethe's shore.  
No more cerulean pencils trace  
The circle damned, the cross of grace,  
On schedules and their duplicates,  
Too often ill-agreeing mates.  
No more the official wallet teems  
With sheets bescrewled in reams on reams ;



## CARMINA

No more neat sums, in sets of four,  
The youthful calculators floor ;  
Our cards are all discarded now,  
O'er records we our forehead bow.  
No more prim drawing from the flat  
Finds its accustomed habitat ;  
The cult of the coal-scuttle rules  
With rusty rigour in the schools ;  
We draw from objects—why deny  
These *objects* may be you or I ?  
But why the change ? O tell me why !  
North Forfar will at once reply  
With ancient maxim—Panta Rye !  
For flux and reflux form the tide  
Which surges onward deep and wide.  
(This fact we call in all simplicity  
The Cosmic Law of Periodicity.)  
The winter of our discontent  
Will soon to genial warmth relent ;  
The tiffs of lovers only prove  
Provocative of tenderer love ;  
The sweets of feminine society  
If sipped too long produce satiety ;  
If in our morals we're too drastic  
We end by being too elastic ;  
And so by turns Historic Man  
Is Cavalier or Puritan.  
All change is relative, for change  
Is but the *plus* and *minus* range  
Between extremes—a sinuous graph ;  
Even Death is but a cenotaph.  
And so perhaps we may return

## CARMINA

To things which now we proudly spurn ;  
Standards perchance once more may loom  
Fresh-blazoned through the uncertain gloom ;  
Along the far horizon's rim  
Reports resound less scant and dim,  
In *feu de joie* or onset grim ;  
A new Minerva-Code may strain  
Exultant from a Jovian brain—  
But stay ! this may be all a dream,  
Light bubbles on a shallow stream.  
Age sees in the Past the Happy Land ;  
The Future is Youth's Colchis strand.  
But whate'er happens—weal or woe,  
The varying course, or fixed *pou sto*,  
The inspiring order of the day  
With loyal zeal you will obey  
And so from grace to glory grow,  
Bold knights of the Portfolio.

G. DUNN.

## CARMINA

### AN EDUCATIONAL DITHYRAMB

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1909*

In the golden days of Homer, as the joyous feast  
advanced,  
To the minstrel and his ditty listened all the  
guests entranced,  
So 'tis fit that you should hearken to my more  
pedestrian Muse,  
As in pensive retrospection she the cud of memory  
chews.  
What a variegated vista meets my backward-  
glancing eye,  
As the years defile before me, in official  
panoply !  
Many Codes, like knights in armour rather creaky  
at the knees,  
With their helmets, greaves, and gauntlets doffed  
and donned with little ease.  
See the Standards patched and tattered wave  
upon the embattled plain,  
And the duplicated Schedules tell the number of  
the slain !  
See blue Pencils dagger-pointed for the final *coup*  
*de grâce*,

## CARMINA

Which awaits without compunction every peccant  
lad and lass !

But a truce to warlike symbols with convivial joys  
discordant ;

Let me trace the scene in colours not so militantly  
mordant !

When the papers had been marked with P's  
benign and penal O's

(Note the neat *chiasmus*, all ye erudite gram-  
maticoes !),

And the Schedules had been duly pinked with  
multitudinous holes,

Every one a lethal wound extravasating little souls,  
With Specific Subjects trailing o'er them in  
meandering shoals,

And results had been collected in recording sheets  
symmetrical,

The Report emerged full-bodied after all this  
strain obstetrical.

We had to examine with bonhomie

A lot of Domestic Economy,

Showing why a mixed diet we need

When our composite bodies we feed,

Why we could not effectively march

On the single provision of starch,

Why our skeleton craves all the time

Its ration of salt and of lime,

Why the carbon concealed in our meat

Supplies a contingent of heat.

Or else we took up Physiology,

—At least its occult terminology

(O Science, accept the apology !)—

## CARMINA

We discussed the various portions of our complicated frame,

With a glib inaccuracy giving each its mystic name,

Spinal column, cerebellum, spleen and gall-ducts, lungs and liver,

Though we could not with exactness their localities *discover*.

'Twas joy to know that we possess—and no one will the fact gainsay—

A pelvis, ulna, radius, and several lumbar vertebræ.

We chattered over stony names with garrulous vivacity,

Though why and where and how were quite beyond our small capacity.

Or to give a Parisian *gout*,

Suggesting a warm *billet-doux*,

A homœopathic infusion

Of French gave a pleasing illusion

Of Culture, for though 'twas unspoken

At least it presented a token

Of *chic*, and it never was hard

To ask for exceptions and manifold flexions set down in a dog's-eared card.

Or perhaps there were stages of Latin,

Where anomalies often came pat in,

And the worrying First Book of Cæsar

Always furnished a suitable teaser,

A damaging chance never missed us

When we tackled bold Ariovistus,

And a failure was rarely to seek

If we lugged in Oration Oblique.



## CARMINA

'Tis useless of course to include  
Any Greek, for 'twas mostly tabooed ;  
If a teacher had pluck, we obtained by good luck  
a scrap of the lively Anabasis.  
But I cease to be flighty, O friends euphemeite !  
I attempt now a comic parabasis.  
Ye Muses attend, Euterpe befriend, young In-  
spectors perpend my monition,  
While I seek to define by rood and by line your  
hard but inspiring condition.  
No longer you drudge, nor paper besmudge, but  
leisure is lacking for levity,  
The exuberant store of professional lore may not  
be recounted with brevity.  
If your feelings aspire, you will seek to acquire of  
knowledge an ample variety,  
You will toil and endeavour and tolerate never  
the torpid effects of satiety.  
The result will be good if your studies include  
shorthand which the Greeks called tachy-  
graphy.  
Chief inspectors, of course, will prove your  
resource in the elegant art of caligraphy.  
Let your hands be imbued with a knowledge  
of wood ; be sure you are competent  
benchers,  
'Twill be bliss unalloyed if your knowledge of  
Sloyd turns out pretty boxes and trenchers.  
Put next on the rota a competent quota of  
mercantile terms and transactions,  
The column for debtor, the neat business letter,  
bills, cheques, and commissions in fractions,

## CARMINA

The stocks and the shares, the bulls and the bears,  
discount, backwardation, contango,  
With these you'll combine the climates for wine,  
maize, rye, rice, melon, and mango.  
When your brains have been padded with what  
you have added of all these delectable  
mysteries,  
You will try might and main a knowledge to gain  
of an ample assortment of histories.  
'Twill not be amiss if you couple with this some  
acquaintance with subjects artistic,  
Such as blossoms and fruits, leaves, branches, and  
roots portrayed by a method heuristic,  
With chalks and with pigments, avoiding all  
figments not present in *rerum natura*.  
Try likewise to troll with emotional soul a stave  
either sad or bravura.  
Science too will request with importunate zest  
from your leisure a full contribution ;  
You will make an effect if you learn to detect the  
nature of salts in solution.  
You will study the gases, the flowers and the  
grasses that figure in schemes supplementary,  
Subterranean shocks and the structure of rocks  
archaic or else sedimentary.  
And whenever you're loading with anxious fore-  
boding your barque to the mark that is  
Plimsoll's,  
If with all your endeavour you find you're not  
clever enough to compete with those grim  
calls,

## CARMINA

And you find you are stuck, like a fugitive buck,  
in the midst of a thicket so briary,  
Take the requisite time with courage sublime, and  
give it a place in your Diary.

Swift the curtain now descends,  
Everything in silence ends ;  
Zeal and service, hope and trust  
Dwindle to a pinch of dust :  
Yet methinks we can afford a  
Last breath for a *sursum corda*.  
Lift the goblet or the glass  
While the precious moments pass ;  
Do not take your pleasures sadly,  
Rueful pleasure endeth badly ;  
So I'll close, if you allow,  
With a genial smile and bow.  
Friends and comrades, old and new,  
Kindly take my kind adieu.

G. DUNN.

## CARMINA

### THE PORTFOLIO OF 1909

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1909*

QUHEN A. D. T., the bauld and slee,  
Agreed to entertain us,  
To Glesca toun we maid us boun'—  
Was nocht coud haud or bin' us :  
Ilk haur!t chiel that plows the field  
O' sair-wrocht education  
Had taen the rew and quat the plew,  
Resolved to droun vexation  
In drink that nicht.

In far Dingwall was heard the call  
A league abune Strathpeffer,  
In Aberdene, quhar Chiefs grow lene  
And thin as ony wafer.  
An outer yle sent forth Argyle  
Wi' kerns his pibroch soundin',  
His brither loun frae Strivelyng toun  
On well-blaun tyres cam boundin'  
Owre fast that nicht.

Great Elgin came, his blude on flame  
To mell wi' Suthron billies ;

## CARMINA

For quhat's finesse and politesse  
To Hieland nowte and ghillies ?  
And Arthur gude, quha nobly stude,  
His hand upon the tiller,  
To stier ur barque across the dark  
Quhar sauls for lack o' siller  
Grane day and nicht.

Twa haggart youths that sup and bouse  
In taverns Gallovidian  
Led in a chiel that aye to spiel  
Parnassus hill is fidgin'.  
A pundit rare in gowfin lair—  
A philosophic younker—  
Was doomed to be an absentee,  
Thrang sweerin' in a bunker  
That vera nicht.

E'en Ultima Thule sent a true  
And trusty Northman stalkin' ;  
Quhyle ane crap in that ance coud rin  
Careerin' lyk a maukin :  
Fra Flanders he draws pedigree,  
Tho' framed in God's ain image ;  
On fair Tweedsyde he coudna byde  
And no join in the scrimmage  
Fu' blythe that nicht.

And a quhene mair, opprest wi' cair  
And meikle tribulation,  
Socht sum relief, tho' e'er sae brief,  
In social recreation.

## CARMINA

At sang and crack thai werena slack  
And reamin' swats inspirin',  
Til ane or twa declared thai saw  
Auld Daddy Cair expirin'  
Deip-drowned that nicht.

A bard renowned on classick grownd  
And ane hight Lanarkensis  
Unlowsed their ware and schawed us thare  
Quhat wysdom, wit and sense is.  
Than rais a sage in righteous rage,  
Ran tylt at modes and tenses,  
And swor ilk line sud perfytt schine  
Benethe grammatick lenses  
By day or nicht.

Than sydes thai tuke, thair quills thai schuke,  
'Twas like to be a tulzie ;  
But nane coud boast o' blude was lost  
Or croons crack't in the brulzie :  
For gentil Fyfe, quha loesna stryfe,  
Schoutit, " Nil desperandum ;  
Jist byde a wee, and ye sall see  
Anither memorandum  
Slick aff sum nicht."

The Chieftains grave first crooned a stave,  
Syne fell to tellin' stories,  
Quhyle barley-bree was flowin' free  
'Mang dietetic glories.  
To slip the string and hae a fling  
For ance thai dyd determin',



## CARMINA

Nor care't a preen for labels green  
Or ither plaguy vermin  
On sic a nicht.

A Form o' State appeared gey late  
Jist at the Deoch-an-doruis ;  
We cried, " You here ! " and syne a cheer  
Swelled to an echoin' chorus.  
The welcome gude sae warmed his blude  
He up and paid the lawin.  
Wi' weel-primed wame each stachered hame  
As chanticleer was crawin'  
At dawn that nicht.

D. H. C.

## CARMINA

### THE GLORIOUS TWENTY-SECOND

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, December 1909*

[Air—"When the kye comes hame"]

COME a' ye puir Inspector chiels, wha dool and  
sorrow ken ;

I'll sing ye noo a sang micht gar ye feel like happy  
men ;

For it tells ye o' a day that the rollin' month can  
croon,

O' the glorious Twenty-second, when the cash  
comes doon.

When the cash comes doon, when the cash  
comes doon,

O ! the glorious Twenty-second, when the  
cash comes doon.

Fu' weel I ken the gait ye gang's a weary ane at  
best ;

Wi' Diaries an' Circulars a man is sair opprest ;  
But what tho' siccan lear gies the heart a sorry  
stoun',

There's aye a Twenty-second, when the cash  
comes doon.

## CARMINA

When the cash comes doon, when the cash  
comes doon,  
There's aye a Twenty-second, when the  
cash comes doon.

Frae schule to schule, baith day an' nicht, ye drag  
your weary banes,  
Fair deaved wi' a' the claivers o' a wheen cam-  
steerie weans ;  
But aye tho' sic a steer gars your brain gang  
bizzin' roun',  
It'll min' the Twenty-second, when the cash  
comes doon.

When the cash comes doon, when the cash  
comes doon,  
It'll min' the Twenty-second, when the  
cash comes doon.

At lang an' last the gloamin' comes to bring the  
sweet repose  
Sae dear to weary sauls that lang hae felt op-  
pression's woes ;  
But still at five-and-saxty ye'll hae word frae  
London toun  
That ye'll aye hae Twenty-seconds, when the cash  
comes doon.

When the cash comes doon, when the cash  
comes doon,

Yes, ye'll aye hae Twenty-seconds, when  
the cash comes doon.

W. R.

# CARMINA

## A RURAL WAIL

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, December 1910*

[Tune—"In the prison cell I sit."]

IN my lone hotel I sit, thinking, Struthers dear,  
of you ;

O ! be thankful you're five hundred miles away ;  
For I know 'twould grieve your soul if by any  
chance you knew

What Inspectors really do each blessed day.

They bolt their breakfasts every morning,  
Rush for trains before its light,  
Spend the day in stuffy school, winding up  
with, as a rule,

Three Continuation Classes every night.

Now I hold it's only fair, if a chief should be a  
Knight

And ennobled by the magic K.C.B.,  
We poor devils in the wilds should not be forgotten  
quite ;

Can't you get us each at least a plain V.C. ?  
For we bolt, etc.

## CARMINA

Well ! I've had my little growl which, alas, you  
cannot hear,  
To my garret now I think I'd better go,  
And I'll keep my sad complaint for the sym-  
pathetic ear  
Of the coming Aberdeen Portfolio.  
We bolt, etc.

W. R.

## CARMINA

### THE REASON ANNEXED

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, October 1911*

[Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."]

To My Lords at Whitehall, it was Struthers that  
spoke,  
And right well My Lords knew that Sir John  
loved a joke :  
" These Inspectors in Scotland are growing too  
fat,

We must issue a Minute to remedy that.

Let's waken them up as fast as we can,  
Let's order a change for each corpulent  
man.

There's Crawford in Glasgow, as fat as  
can be,

He should try the effect of a colder  
countree."

A Minute came down to each man on the Staff ;  
Some read it with anguish, and some with a laugh.  
" Kindly enter below—and the curves must be  
traced—

Your nett weight in pounds and your girth at the  
waist.



## CARMINA

No screw in our medical scheme has gone  
loose  
What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the  
goose,  
If Juvenal now could awake he would see,  
That whoso examines examined must be."

The sequel you know, how the corpulent few,  
Like Philip and Crawford, sought habitat new,  
While ascetics like Fleming and Watson took care  
By toil or by fasting to stay where they were.  
So fill up your cups and fill up your cans,  
A truce for to-night to paideutical plans,  
A beaker that touches the brim let us quaff  
To the health of the Scotch Inspectorial  
Staff.

W. R.

## CARMINA

### BLOTTERS AND JOTTERS

*Sung, by W. Robb, at the Portfolio Dinner, 1912*

IN the days of John Struthers, when fathers and  
mothers  
Awoke to the risks of the microbic foe,  
'Twas found that diseases, like mites in the cheeses,  
Came from blotters and jotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O ! etc.

Education Committees, in Counties and Cities,  
Sent forth with their blessing the School medico,  
Who in rooms dark and dusty, and smelly and  
fusty,  
Found blotters and jotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O ! etc.

He inspected the inkwells and spared not the  
drinkwells,  
The offices too he determined to know,  
But of wrath he was dam-full when he found them  
all cram-full  
Of jotters and blotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O ! etc.

## CARMINA

Forsaking the latrines, he sounded the *poitrines*  
Of batches of children arranged in a row,  
But from eye, teeth and ear he turned back all  
    aweary  
To blotters and jotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O ! etc.

He searched for defectives, and advised cor-  
    rectives  
For heads that were washed a long, long time ago,  
But 'twas far less alarming than seeing germs  
    swarming  
On blotters and jotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O ! etc.

Soon his heart was dejected to see bairns infected  
By saliva on slates that were passed to and fro,  
And, obsessed by the spittle, he thought very little  
Of jotters and blotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O ! etc.

With zeal diabolic he sprayed the carbolic  
On the floors and the walls where the cobwebs  
    did show,  
And he finished by nosing bacilli reposing  
On jotters and blotters, alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O !  
    Alive, alive, O !  
On jotters and blotters, alive, alive, O !

D. MUNRO FRASER.

## CARMINA

### SEPTEM CONTRA GLASGOW

*Recited at the Portfolio Dinner, 1912*

McK~~E~~CHNIE came down like the wolf in the fold ;  
He was ἑβδομος αὐτός, seven units all told ;  
And his staff was a heterogeneous crowd,  
A. D. T. would have marvelled, and so would  
Macleod.

For though Crawford had gone, in his stead we had  
Robb ;  
The neophyte Hyslop began his new job  
With Leishman and Murray as models ; and I  
Was the humble companion of mighty Mackay.

It was autumn, and so 'twas considered the thing  
To take schools that expected no visit till spring :  
Our appearance created dismay and surprise  
Amid Catholic classes excessive in size.

'Twas a glorious raid ; the details may be read  
In our Diaries still ; but soon Leishman had fled  
To the land of True Thomas, his future H.Q.,  
And Robb, banished to Ayrshire, bade Glasgow  
adieu.

## CARMINA

He returned, and by fresh permutation the gang  
Was converted to six – Hyslop + Lang ;  
And in stormy November, lest changes should  
cease,  
Mackay was desired to depart to Dumfries.

For the rest of the session we plodded along,  
Sometimes three, sometimes four, sometimes five  
or six strong ;  
But no more we were seven, apart from a brief  
Reinforcement, when Watson escaped from the  
Chief.

SEPTIMUS LUPUS.

## CARMINA

### THE TRUANT

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, October 1919*

WHEN the truant went off to munitions,  
His District was left in the lurch,  
And under existing conditions  
Is more like a mill than a church.

*Chorus.*—Bring back, bring back,  
Bring back the truant to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
The truant to Dingwall and me

When the truant returned from munitions,  
Discerning a pleasanter path  
In the bounds of the Southern Division,  
He shunned John o' Groat's and Cape Wrath.

*Chorus.*—Bring back, etc.

He dwells at his ease in Dunedin,  
Securely he spendeth his days,  
Regardless of fuel at Scourie  
And Edderton 62(a)'s.

*Chorus.*—Bring back, etc.

## CARMINA

But Logan and J. A. MacDonald  
Are planning a swift sudden raid,  
Determined to seize the defaulter  
With stalwart Brown Hamilton's aid.

*Chorus.*—And to bring back, etc.

“MOMUS.”



# CARMINA

## A LAMENT

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, 1920*

[Air—"Lochaber no more"]

EXAMINE no more, O ! Examine no more,  
My Lords have decreed it ; Examine no more.  
No more shall we talk with the girls and the  
boys,  
My Lords our dear task have bereft of its joys.  
Like ghosts that in silence line Lethe's dull shore  
We must steal through the schools, Evermore,  
Evermore.

Pass judgement no more, O ! pass judgement no  
more,  
My Lords have decreed it ; pass judgement no  
more.  
No more shall we share in Learning's high plan,  
Our blessings avail not, our curse is no ban.  
Like wraiths of the old time, like shadows of  
yore,  
We shall flit through the schools, Evermore,  
Evermore.

## CARMINA

Be joyful no more, O ! be joyful no more,  
My Lords have decreed it ; be joyful no more.  
No more shall we count as a force in the land,  
Though why this should be we do not understand.  
'Tis My Lords in their wisdom have stricken us  
sore,  
That wisdom they shall rue, Evermore, Evermore.

W. R.

## CARMINA

### THE CODE OF 1923

*Recited at the Portfolio Dinner, 1923*

ATTEND all ye who list to hear  
The news of this Portfolio year.  
A Code has sprung from Jovian brain,  
And written large in letters plain  
Across the pages of its scroll  
Is H.M.I.'s official rôle.  
The prefatory note conveys  
A welcome change from former days.  
No more he wields a potent whip  
To scourge a School Board, thigh and hip ;  
The "Sixpence" and the "Tenth" are banned  
And buried deep on Lethe's strand.  
No more he needs offensive arms ;  
He knows to win by personal charms.  
No more the "Q" exam. he holds  
To test the budding twelve-year-olds.  
Such tasks as these no longer lie  
Within the sphere of H.M.I.  
His part to deal with higher things—  
To watch the growth of Freedom's wings,  
And, armed with statutory rules,  
To guide the fortunes of the schools

## CARMINA

From Infants' to Advanced Division  
With Inspectorial decision.  
Bow down, you neophyte-Director,  
Before His Majesty's Inspector.  
Vain thought that you had drawn his molar  
And made yourself supreme controller.  
The Code dispels your fond delusion  
And saves the schools from dire confusion.  
The Judge's robe remains untorn,  
The Prophet's mantle still is worn,  
The Consul has his lictor's rods  
To beat pretenders and Tin Gods.  
Confrères of the Portfolio,  
The Code ends all imbroglio.  
Our rôle is mirrored in its face—  
We rule by law and not by grace.  
Ye gallant Knights of the S.E.D.,  
All hail the Code of Twenty-three.

J. CLARK.

## CARMINA

### SUPERANNUATED

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1923*

A MERRY gangrel cam to Insch,  
An' he was sair forjeskit  
Wi' empty wallet, mill an' painch,  
An' duddie coat an' waistcoat.

Below his knee his shirpit hose  
Scarce met his tatter'd trewsers ;  
The rosy bloom upon his nose  
Proclaimed a prince o' boosers.

But aye a light danced in his e'e,  
Like cairngorm or jasper,  
That shines in nane wi' heart o' stane  
Or common bottle-grasper.

He likit weel a sweeter tune  
Than sound o' siller clinkin' ;  
He bore the gree at sang an' spree,  
And wasna blate at drinkin'.

Sae hirplin' on to ease his shanks  
Beside some bleezin' ingle,

## CARMINA

An' steppin' ben to Lucky Glen,  
Quo' he, "Thank God, I'm single :

"There's monie a man wi' wife an' wean  
Gangs traikin' thro' the kintra ;  
Gin I've a pain, it's a' ma ain  
Frae Aiberdeen to Fintray."

He sat him doon amang a core  
O' rantin' merry plewmen ;  
To turn his back on sang an' crack,  
Gude faith ! was mair nor human.

He leugh an' liltit wi' the lave  
The lee-lang nicht in's glory,  
Till barley-bree had fixed his e'e,  
An' then he tauld his story :

"In forty-nine this neb o' mine  
First thro' the shell cam peepin' ;  
'Twas fair, they say, as ivorie,  
Or gudewife's finest dreepin'.

"But noo ye see 't—a beacon bright,  
It maks na how ye drench it :  
A burnin' and a shinin' light,  
Nae Pussyfoot could quench it.

"For I hae plied the inspectin' trade  
Frae Dunnet Heid to Yarrow,  
Hae lain in monie an ourie bed  
Wi' neither mate nor marrow ;

## CARMINA

“ An’ monie a naig I’ve sat ahint,  
Windsuckers and windpassers ;  
An’ socht in vain for wit an’ brain  
In monie a lad an’ lass, sirs.

“ An’ when the east wind fires the face  
Maist like a flamin’ sunset,  
An’ hail an’ sleet ower miles o’ peat  
Drive wild wi’ furious onset—

“ When icicles hing frae the nose  
E’en when your cutty’s sughin’,  
I’ve wished masel in heaven or—well,  
Some warmer place than Buchan.

“ But cantie carles can lichtlie care,  
An’ sang can mak’s forget,  
And usquebae’s the deidliest fae  
That sorrow ever met ;

“ An’ aft on sunny simmer days  
When burns rin murmurin’ sweet,  
An’ laverocks chant an’ Poussie plays  
Where lea an’ muirland meet,

“ I hymn God’s praise in simple lays  
Like mavis clear or lintie,  
Threescore an’ ten, but young again  
And blithe as ane-and-twenty.

“ Wi’ nature, sang, an’ usquebae,  
Auld age—ye needna fear it ;



## CARMINA

And he that canna lo'e the three  
Is damn'd or else deleerit."

The plewmen billies said " Guid-nicht "  
Just as the mune appearin'  
Like a gowden ship began to slip  
Amang the starnies steerin'.

Jock Forbes gaed hame a waefu' gate  
Deep in the moss-hags lairin' ;  
And twa were spied at mornin' tide  
Upon the white mune starin'.

Big Willie Graham, a sonsie chiel,  
That wons ayont Auchleven,  
Clamb ower three hills to reach his biel  
And endit wi' the spavin.

Tam Broun lay doon on Dunideer,  
Where warlocks haud their revels ;  
He dreamed the Hieland Host drew near  
Like twenty thousand deevils.

But oor auld man lay snug an' ticht  
Atween the blankets snorin',  
And waukent wi' the noonday licht  
Warm through his winnock pourin'.

D. H. CRAWFORD.

# CARMINA

## MISS BERESFORD

*Recited at the Portfolio Dinner, 1923*

O, I wad like to ken—says a disjaskit H.M.I.—  
Why the hoose is no to sell that I would like to buy,  
An' siller costs me sax per cent I anes could get  
for three.

—*It's gey an' easy speirin'*, says Miss Beresford to me.

O, I wad like to ken—says the disjaskit H.M.I.—  
Gin a scale's as shüre to flappers as fodder is to kye,  
Why I hae sic a wark to win the needfu' bit  
bawbee.

—*It's gey an' easy speirin'*, says Miss Beresford to me.

O, I wad like to ken—says the disjaskit H.M.I.—  
Whase are a' the weird initials I can scarce  
identify,

No half sae legible as " Letter written. M. E. B."

—*It's gey an' easy speirin'*, says Miss Beresford to me.

O, I wad like to ken—says the disjaskit H.M.I.—  
If this braw new Super-Council, that they ca'  
Advisory,

Will solve a single problem afore the members dee.

—*It's gey an' easy speirin'*, says Miss Beresford to me.

## CARMINA

O, I wad like to ken—says the disjaskit H.M.I.—  
If I will ever live to be an H.M.S.C.I.  
Or—just retire at saxty an' await my LL.D.  
—*It's gey an' easy speirin'*, says Miss Beresford to me.

AUTOLYCUS.

## CARMINA

### A SALUTE TO ADVENTURERS

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, 1923*

COME sit ye doon, my canty carle,  
And mak yersel' fu' cheerie,  
Nor care a docken tho' the warl'  
Suld a' gang tapsalteerie.

We're a' thegither, ilk ane by his brither  
Wi' nocht to mak us drearie,  
And here we'll bide till gloamin' tide  
Nor e'er be dowf or wearie.

Sae here's a health that weel I ken,  
Wi' a' guid-will fu' hearty,  
Ye'll drink to a' the braw young men,  
Wha late cam till oor pairty.

To Forbes the gallant, a kindly callant,  
To Stokes, sae wiselike and tenty,  
To great D.D.—a fine chiel' he—  
To Stewart, sae trim and sae denty.

Tho' East and Wast but seldom meet,  
The tane frae tither learns aye ;  
Sae here's to some we're pleased to greet ;  
We're a' John Tamson's bairns aye.

## CARMINA

To Grieve, that left us and sair bereft us,  
To Pringle, latest o' clansmen.  
To Tamson gude, o' Hielan' blude ;  
Fair fa' them !—here's to their plans, men !

W. R.

## CARMINA

### HEXEKONTA PENTE

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1924*

COME a' ye trusty colleagues, the wale o' honest  
men,

I'll tell ye o' a secret ye wad aiblins like to ken,  
It's an unco weary warld ; but gin I'm still alive  
In November 1940 I'll be saxty-five.

I visit schools and classes, I report and correspond ;  
I whyles postpone the parchment o' an inefficient  
blonde ;

I dae my very best to gar education thrive,  
But I'm less enthusiastic than at thirty-five.

See yonder eident birkie, wi' his diary complete,  
Wi' modest satisfaction he surveys the entries neat ;  
Fair fa' his eager face, but his zeal will cool belyve ;  
Even Pringle will be willin' to be saxty-five.

There's Frewin wi' his test tubes, an' Michie wi'  
his plans,  
An' Grigor breengin' round the hills an' stirrin'  
up the clans,  
They're sair forfouchten noo, as wi' schemes o'  
wark they strive,  
But, fegs, they'll hae a canny seat at saxty-five.

## CARMINA

The Chairman tae is wearin' through, an' sune  
    he'll slip awa  
Tae whaur the hills in winter time are cled wi'  
    frozen snaw,  
Nae mair he'll win to schools to speir hoo Art  
    an' Science thrive ;  
Whatever will he get to dae at saxty-five ?

When the last report is written and the hindmost  
    minute penned,  
*Juvabit meminisse* when the trauchle's at an end.  
Nae mair we'll fash wi' programmes ; we shall  
    easily contrive  
Individual occupations, when we're saxty-five.

We'll delve our yairds ; we'll read our books ;  
    we'll tak' our fill o' ease ;  
We'll tee up at St. Andrews or Gleneagles, as we  
    please ;  
We'll trot the globe, like Young, or retire to  
    Moniaive ;  
We'll renew our youth, like Crombie, when we're  
    saxty-five.

Wi' sic Elysian prospects we can weel afford to  
    thole  
The frequent tribulation that afflicts the righteous  
    soul.  
*Sursum Corda !* Ca' awa ! And may ilka Chief  
    survive  
To peruse Lang's *Reminiscences* at aughty-five.

THE ENDRICK SHEPHERD.



# CARMINA

## EPISTLE TO WILLIE

(INDYTIT IN MIDWINTER)

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1924*

AULD cronie, herdin' in the west,  
I doubtna still ye crack the jest  
And quaff the stoup—ye maun confess't—  
    At orra times,  
Or droon black Care, the deil's ain pest,  
    In sparklin' rimes.

Your pipes, they ding the classic lyre ;  
Your Pegasus, wi' een on fire,  
Has borne ye aft abune the mire  
    O' fell mishanter ;  
Though loud the storm roars, aye the higher  
    Ye blaw your chanter.

Me winter cauld nirls to the bane,  
I'm pinch't and pechin' here ma lane,  
Baith in and oot I glower and grane  
    Like ane gane gyte,  
For days thegither scarce I've ta'en  
    Or sup or bite.

## CARMINA

Time was we twa were fain to meet,  
Come frost and snaw, come wind and weet,  
And birslet cōsily oor feet

    In the ingle-neuk,  
Drinkin' deep wauchts o' learnin' sweet  
    Frae some auld beuk.

You westlan' herds kenna ye're born,  
Weel stockit aye wi' gerss and corn,  
And happit fiel baith e'en and morn

    In braidclaith fine ;  
While here we toil in sarksleeves torn  
    Frae nine to nine.

A twal-hour day ! And ilka Sunday  
Fair poisoned wi' the thocht o' Monday.  
Better to toss i' the Bay o' Fundy

    Fishin' for cod,  
Or leeve on crabs and whelks on Lundy,  
    Or tramp the road.

Yet, mark me, whyles we pride oorsels  
That honest eident labour tells :  
Frae Aiberdeen to Ythan Wells

    And far ayont  
To where the Orcadian billow swells—  
    My word upon't—

Ilk strappin' loon's as gleg's a needle,  
And some, auldfarrant as a beadle ;  
They lilt as sweet's a weel-tuned fiddle

    Or bagpipe clear,  
Syne link it blythely doon the middle  
    O' the schuleroom flure :

## CARMINA

Or wad ye set them to the coontin',  
My fegs ! ye'll see the figures mountin'  
As gin some clerk's gowd nib or fountain  
    Were hard at wark,  
And no a square sum or a roond ane  
    Beside the mark !

Our queynies too wi' dancin' een  
Your westlan' gawkies far ootshine :  
They'll mak a cog o' parritch fine  
    Or guid kail-brose,  
And show ye how to sup it syne  
    Anethe your nose.

In mental tests they may mak howlers,  
But, faith, they ken bawbees frae dollars ;  
They'll bleach snawwhite your cuffs and collars,  
    And sarks the same,  
And bake oatcakes to whet the molars  
    And warm the wame.

Sae lang's we're left sic grit and gristle,  
Wi' barley-bree to weet the whistle,  
We'll bide the stoure, we'll strain and strussle  
    (Though sma' the fee)  
And keep puir Scotland's ancient thrissil  
    Aye wavin' free.

D. H. C.

## CARMINA

### STANZAS AFTER OMAR

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1924*

AWAKE ! for Ewen in his bowl to-night  
Has mixed a brew that puts our cares to flight ;  
And Lo ! each comrade in his breast has felt  
A frenzy that makes leaden footsteps light.

Dreaming, when writing Blue Books wrung me  
dry,  
I heard a Voice from out the Heavens cry  
“ Arouse them, stir those lazy loungers up,  
They'll never drink unless they really try.”

Struthers indeed is gone, with all his woes,  
His pretty quips, his unpretentious pose ;  
But still My Lords their ancient sceptre wield,  
And still each morn the Horn of Duty blows.

Well ! let it blow, aye ! blow until it burst ;  
To-night we reck not. Have we not a thirst ?  
Let Circulars and Schemes our wallets fill ;  
What of it ? shall we not take “ First things  
first ” ?

## CARMINA

Here, with a mutton chop, a pint of Bass,  
A good cigar, a friend to share the glass,  
What though the speeches be a weariness !  
Such weariness must in its moment pass.

Some for the increase of the Bonus, some  
Sigh for the " Five and Sixty " soon to come ;  
Ah ! take your glass and leave the matter so,  
Nor heed the careworn souls that look so glum.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
The breezy golf-links, studiously intent ;  
To-day it pains me more than tongue can tell  
To think of days so hopefully misspent.

There was a Pitch that I could never play ;  
There was a Putt I always threw away ;  
Some tiny shot continually duff'd  
That spoilt my card on Competition Day.

What if for twice nine holes I foozl'd round ?  
What if my brassey hack'd th' accursed ground ?  
What if my curses foul'd th' encircling air ?  
At Hole Nineteen was lasting comfort found.

Ah ! men ! shall you and I with Fate conspire  
Great Education's fort to build entire ?  
Were it not best to leave it for our sons  
While we sing anthems in the Heavenly Quire ?

W. R.

## CARMINA

### THE BONUS

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, October 1925*

Of all the gifts relenting Heaven  
Pitying our chance, hath dropped upon us,  
Give me the emolumental leaven  
Well named the Bonus.

As on the Israelites of old,  
When grievous grew the cost of living,  
Manna rained down, to hearts grown cold  
Fresh courage giving ;

So from a dark official sky,  
While on our pilgrimage we stumbled,  
A rare, celestial subsidy,  
The Bonus tumbled.

Once Juniors led precarious lives,  
Tightening their belts, resisting dinners ;  
Their only hope seemed gilded wives,  
Or backing winners.

The H.M.I. his withers wrung,  
Could scarce make one end meet the other ;  
Black Care behind each horseman clung  
Close as a brother.

## CARMINA

Even Chiefs were driven to shorten sail,  
Their output sagged, their vigour languished,  
Between the lines one glimpsed a pale  
Sad spectre sandwiched.

And then—the blessed Bonus came,  
Flickering with gentle undulation ;  
The Service from its genial flame  
Drew inspiration.

The Chiefs revived, resumed their port,  
Cigars, and rather better feeding ;  
Forthwith each General Report  
Made brighter reading.

The Wrangler scanned with dubious eye  
The Plus and Minus in conjunction ;  
Behind appearances might lie  
Some vanishing Function.

The mental gauger felt the spell,  
Grew wondrous kind, and very soon he  
Made life a really happy Hell  
For every “luny.”

The Borderer, starting at the news,  
Threw up his French, his Golf, his Classics ;  
And took to scattering Cheviot ewes  
With thundering Essex.

What could a gentle rhymers do  
To ease the load of joy he carried ?  
At Hymen's shrine his obols new  
Tendering, he—married.

## CARMINA

Zeal could no more. My Lords, give heed.  
If thus, yet light the Treasury onus ;  
Were it not better to concede  
Some further Bonus ?

G. A.



## CARMINA

### A CHAUCERIAN FRAGMENT

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, 1925*

WHAN that Novembre with his blastis shrill  
The sely shepe had bannysht from the hill  
And eke with icy breeth hadde made men seeke  
The sote solas by the fyres cheeke,  
Bifel that as I wandered in the Northe  
Wher Edwaines borough standeth by the Forthe  
I saw, assembled in their hostelrye  
Wel five and fifty in a companye  
Whereof I yow devyse if ye will here  
How that they sported then in mery chere.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man  
Sir Henry hight, that since his days began,  
Wolde ever bookes write of olden days  
Wherein he wont old auctours for to praise,  
And on his crest he thoghte it nat amyss  
To sayn *Laudator Acti Temporis*.

By him there sat an ancient man and trewe,  
His berd ful long, his eyen brighte and blewe,  
Wel many a mile did he on rouncey ride,  
His Queenes wallet gingling by his syde ;  
Wel many a geste hadde he both grave and gay ;  
His lyke we have not seen this many a day.

## CARMINA

Whom next beside a sturdy carle ther sate  
Ful seemly cladde, of bone and brawn ful grete  
That Andrew highte, the same that loved ful  
well

To drive his ball at goffe, and eke to tell  
Ryghte mery tales, whan that he was in trymme  
Yet wel I wis but fewe couthe swynke lyke him.

With him ther was his friend, that Alan highte,  
A lerned man and lene, with eyen bryghte  
Ful wel couthe he to prechen and to chyde  
The calwe nestlings whan that they did slyde  
From trewe vertu ; A bityng witte hadde he,  
And yet he hadde a tong of gold, pardee.

A mynstrel was ther, wonyng fer by este  
It liked him wel to syng to man or beste  
So he mot syng : In perpetuitee  
Methinks he chaunteth his Annuitee.

Ther was also a man of lordly mien  
A Saul in stature, ever holden digne  
Of reverence, estatlich of manere ;  
In Western iles he ruled ful many a yere ;  
Ryghte wel couthe he, with skill and cunnyng  
nice

To launche his spynnyng stone along the ys.  
With them there was a Doctour of grete weyte  
That knew alle tonges of men, erly and late ;  
Frensche couthe he wel declaime, and unto Greeke  
He went, men sayde, as soone as he coude speke.

A stout carle sat thereby, that long did wonne  
In fayre St. Johnstones toun, and hadde a sonne,  
That, even as his sire, was lothe to speke,  
But plays the very devyl with a clecke.

## CARMINA

I have no tyme to tell of alle the route  
Of sondry men that gathered them aboute ;  
Suffyceth here ensamples oon or to  
And though I coulde rekene a dozen mo.

So wel they feasted on that winter nighte,  
So ryche the revel, and the witte so bryghte,  
That ere they wente, they swoore a sollemne oothe  
That, yere by yere, with speed and nothing lothe  
To such an hostelrye they alle shoulde go  
And clepe them for the nones PORTFOLIO.

W. R.

## CARMINA

### THE POETS AT THE PORTFOLIO

*Read at the Portfolio Dinner, October 1926*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(To a small boy who has proved one too many  
for his teachers)

OTHERS abide our question soon or late ;  
We ask and ask ; thou grinnest and dost sit,  
Outflanking Knowledge ; for thy perverse wit,  
Refusing to discharge the meanest freight,  
Planting its banners by Obstruction's gate,  
Thirled to the cohorts of the wilful-blind,  
Spares but the cloudy borders of thy mind  
To the foiled searching of the Inspectorate.

No intellectual bondage dost thou know !  
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-satisfied, self-sure,  
Thou joined'st thy class unguessed at ; rightly  
so !

The pangs thy hapless teachers must endure,  
The anguish which their broken hearts doth  
bow,  
Leave not one trace on thy victorious brow !

## CARMINA

ROBERT BURNS

D'ye see yon birkies, ca'd " My Lords,"  
Wha fulminate and a' that ?  
Tho' thousands tremble at their words,  
They're but a myth for a' that !

There's nought but schules on every han',  
Wi' day and evening classes, O !  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Wad educate the masses, O !

Ochone ! for the masses, O !  
Wae's me ! for the masses, O !  
There's cooshy jobs on every han'  
In the teachin' o' the masses, O !

THOMAS GRAY

Full many an H.M.I. of mildest mien,  
Revising L.C. Papers, tears his hair ;  
Full many a time he's moved to push obscene  
And dreadful language through the trembling air.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Under a smoky Glasgow sky  
The Technical College stands ;  
Thither the West's Inspectors go  
In large and furtive bands ;  
And the papers there are piled high  
And countless as sea-sands.

## CARMINA

And children, coming home from school,  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the room so full,  
And hear the Inspectors snore,  
And pinch their cigarette ends that lie  
Thick-littered on the floor.

They go on Monday to a school  
And quiz the girls and boys ;  
They see the pale Headmaster's face,  
They hear his quaking voice,  
Bleating in a minor key ;  
And it makes their hearts rejoice.

Toiling, rejoicing, slumbering—  
Onward their life thus goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun  
Which evening ne'er sees close :  
Something attempted, nothing done,  
Has spoiled a day's repose.

## ALFRED NOYES

Come down to Kew in L.C. time, in L.C. time,  
in L.C. time,  
Come down to Kew in L.C. time, and see the  
parcels undone ;  
Books red, books green, books white, books  
blue,  
And books of many another hue  
You'll see if you come down to Kew,  
And it isn't far from London !

## CARMINA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Take those E. 14's away  
That so often are forsworn ;  
Take also that Higher Day  
School Certificate forlorn ;  
But th' Intermediate bring again,  
Bring again ;  
Glorious Test ! repealed in vain,  
Repealed in vain.

LORD TENNYSON

Craik ! Craik ! Craik !  
They made you long since an M.P.,  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts *that* excites in me.

O well for the H.M.I.  
That he toils in a school all day !  
O well for the office fry  
That they work till the dusk is gray !

And the lordly circulars flow  
From the Departmental mill ;  
But O for the touch of your vanished hand,  
And the scratch of your stately quill !

Craik ! Craik ! Craik !  
They made you long since an M.P.,  
But gone is the grace of the halcyon days  
You spent in the S.E.D.

## CARMINA

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Code is too much with us. Late and soon  
In standardising we lay waste our powers :  
We drive the child forth from his Eden bowers ;  
We rob him of the dear old Man in the Moon  
That made his senses from delight to swoon ;  
With our chronologies we blight his hours ;  
Our Botanisings canker all his flowers,  
Our modulators rob him of all tune.

We do not well ! Great Scot ! I'd rather be  
A cowboy nurtured in the woolly West,  
So might I, though astride a restive gee,  
Have glimpses that would stir my inmost breast,  
Have sight of children trooping home to tea  
From joys that no Department dared molest !

J. C. STEWART.



## CARMINA

### WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

*Sung at the Portfolio Dinner, October 1926*

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one day  
Sailed off in a motor car,  
Reckless of cost—let My Lords defray—  
Into lone lands afar.  
“Where are you going?” the Dominie said,  
As he eyed the dauntless three.  
“We come to paint this region red  
In the name of the S.E.D. ;  
Rods for fish—and for fools—have we,”  
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Now Wynken he was an elderly gent  
Who ought to have had more sense,  
But Nod and Blynken, on mischief bent,  
Were filled with a joy intense.  
Sober scruples they laughed to scorn  
As they scoured the country-side,  
Till Wynken cursed the day he was born  
To find his soul so tried  
By the antics weird and monkeyfied  
Of the plaguy Blynken and Nod.

## CARMINA

Yet their Diaries they were true as true  
And their exit and entrance hours  
Were strictly according to Cocker, whose view,  
As you know, is not always ours.  
Quaint views of what is "work" came out—  
To us they might seem awry,  
For Blynken entered "Fishing for trout,"  
Nod, "Fishing with H.M.I."  
Fishing in vain for trout with fly  
Were Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The list of "Sundries," too, was fine,  
Enough to refresh the heart,  
For Nod he entered six bottles of wine,  
And Blynken a gooseberry tart  
Followed, alas ! by "Sickness—one day"  
Whereafter, "various quills,"  
Careful for truth in the strictest way,  
Claimed cost of Beecham's Pills,  
Claimed a Guinea a box for pills  
For Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken is now an LL.D.,  
Blynken and Nod are not ;  
Sooth to say, they will never be,  
Nor do they care a jot.  
So ponder this tale as you close your eyes :  
Perchance you will then divine  
From a whisper that comes as the daylight dies  
They are merely a fancy of mine ;  
Naught but a fleeting vision of mine  
Are Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

# CARMINA

## PRIZE POEMS

*Proposed at the Portfolio Dinner, October 1926*

IT has been suggested that the twenty-first anniversary of the Portfolio should be commemorated by a series of poetical competitions. It is not yet possible to announce the number and value of the prizes, but the following exercises are proposed for the encouragement of intending competitors.

1. *For Emeriti.*—A poem of at least 500 lines on “The World Encompassed,” in the style and metre of Young’s “Night Thoughts.”

2. *For Original Members of the Club.*—A poem beginning either :

“John Crombie, I.S.O. John,  
When we were first acquaint.”

*Or*

“John Crombie swore by a’ the Lords  
That rule the S.E.D.,  
That he could dae mair wark in a day  
Than a chief wad dae in three !”

## CARMINA

3. *For Past Warriors.*—Compose a set of Limericks as good as—

“ I proceed to recount in a stanza  
The loss we sustained at Lochranza.  
In the course of a round  
Eleazar was drowned,  
Which accounts for this extravaganza.”

4. *For the Science Staff.*—Compose an Ode, beginning :

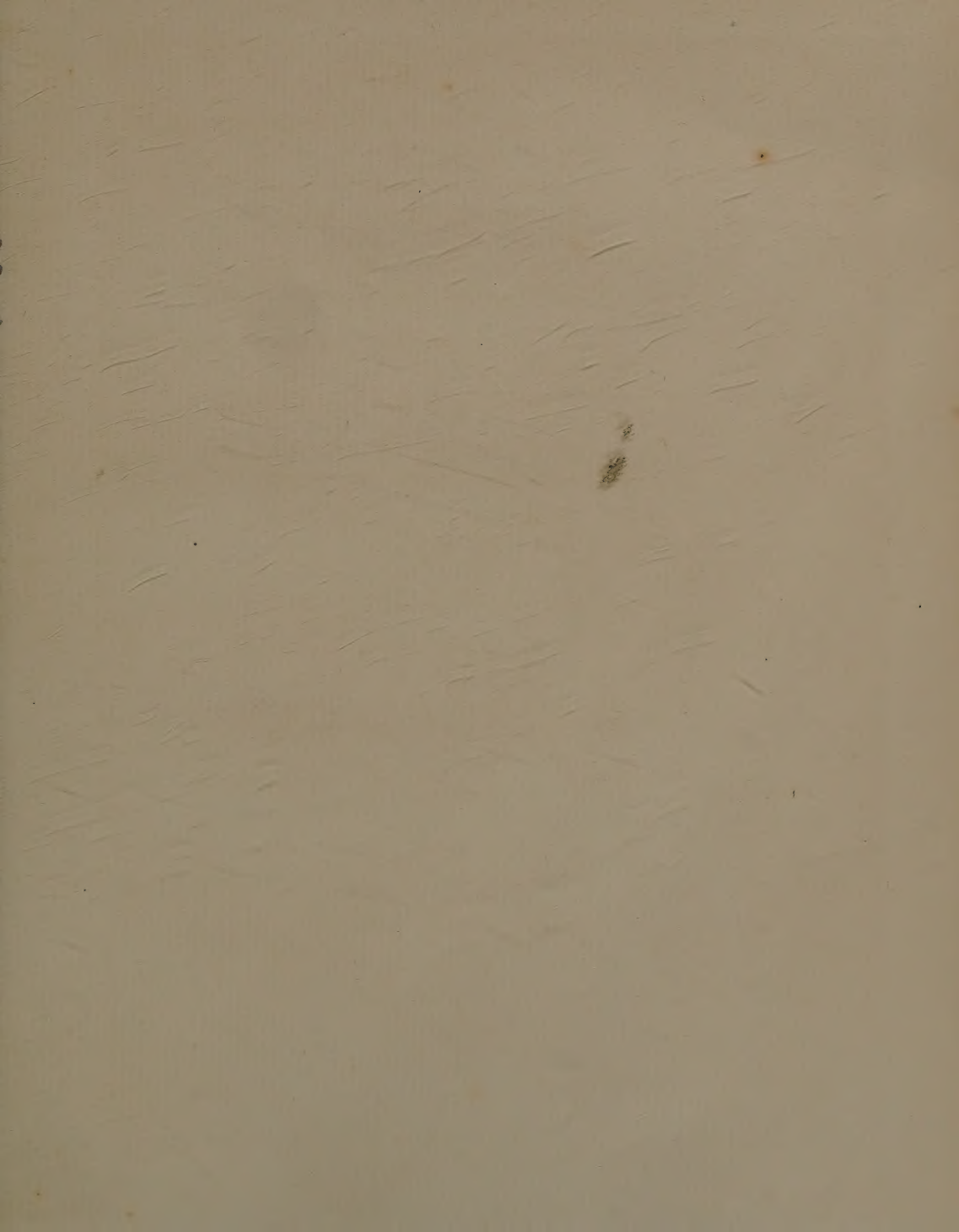
“ Frewin seize thee, ruthless King.”

5. *For the Highland Division.*—Compose twelve verses no worse than the following :

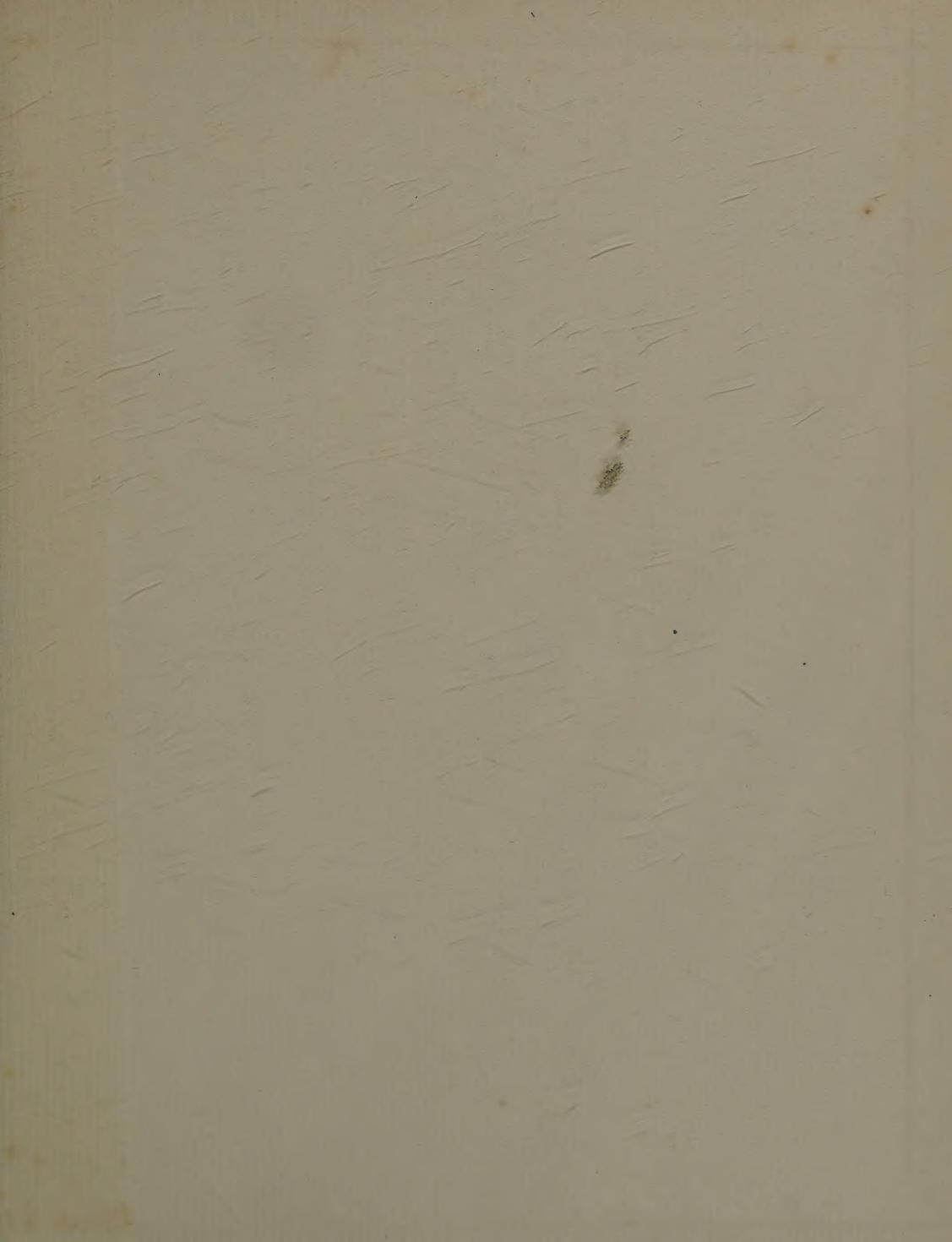
“ A chieftain, to Portfolio bound,  
Cries ‘ Porter, do not tarry,  
And I’ll give thee ‘05 pound  
Our traps and clubs to carry.’

“ ‘ Now who be ye that jaunt express  
And make us wonder what’s on ? ’  
‘ Oh, I’m the Chief of Inverness,  
And this is Gilbert Watson.’ ”

H. N. P.









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